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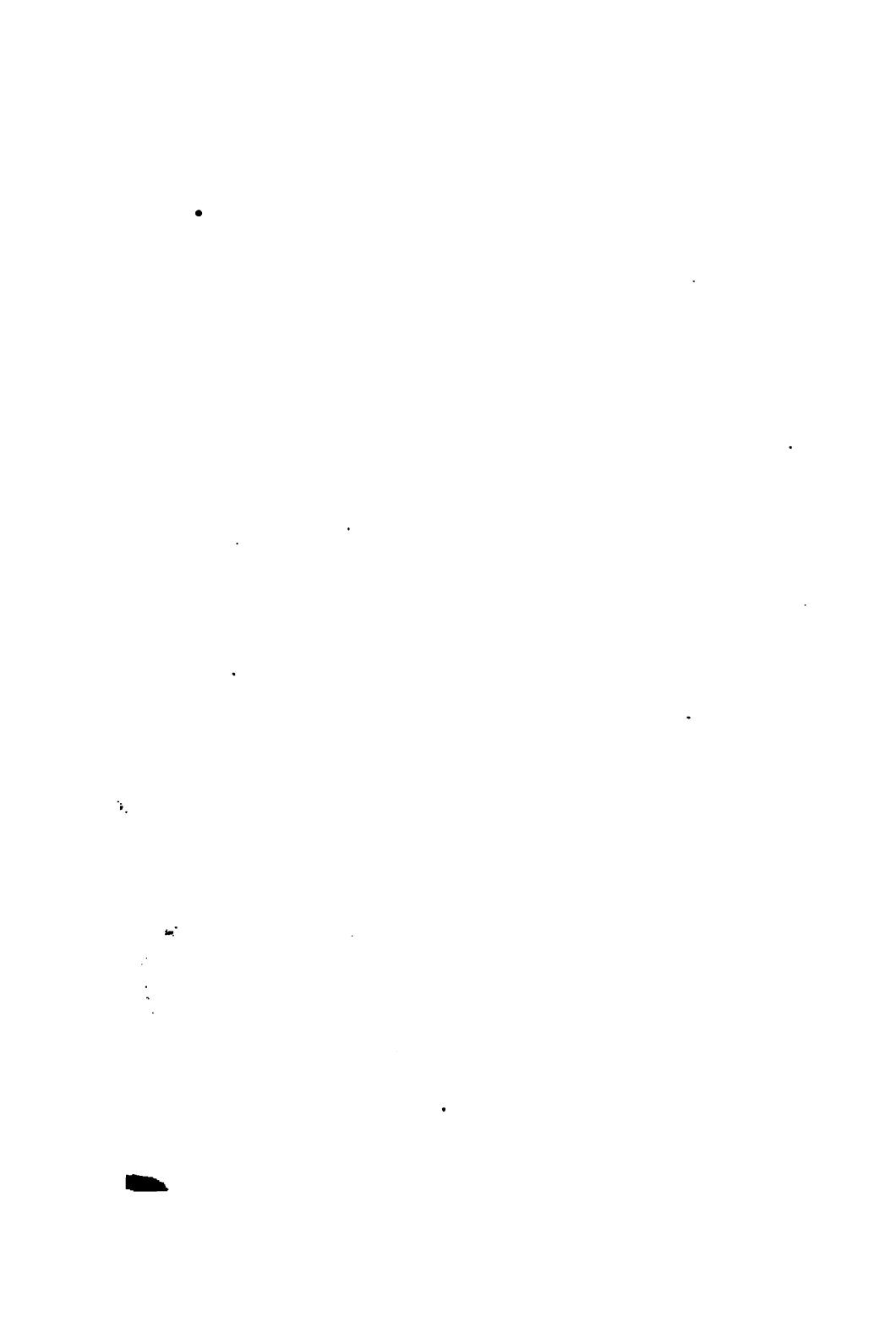












THE RIME  
OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED.



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THE  
RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.  
IN SEVEN PARTS.

FACILE credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? Quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus. T.

BURNET. ARCHÆOL. PHIL. p. 68.



PART I.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.

“By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?







“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set :  
May’st hear the merry din.”



He holds him with his skinny hand,  
“There was a ship,” quoth he.  
“Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!”  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child:  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather till it reached the Line.

“The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

“Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon—”  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;





And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.



“And now the storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong :  
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn  
by a storm to-  
ward the south  
pole.

“ With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,



The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.







“And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

“And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The land of ice,  
and of fearful  
sounds where no  
living thing was  
to be seen.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and  
howled,  
Like noises in a swound!

“At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hail'd it in God's name.

Till a great sea-  
bird, called the  
Albatross, came  
through the  
snow-fog, and  
was received  
with great joy  
and hospitality.

“It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through.

“And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And lo! the Al-  
batross proveth  
a bird of good  
omen, and fol-  
loweth the ship  
as it returned

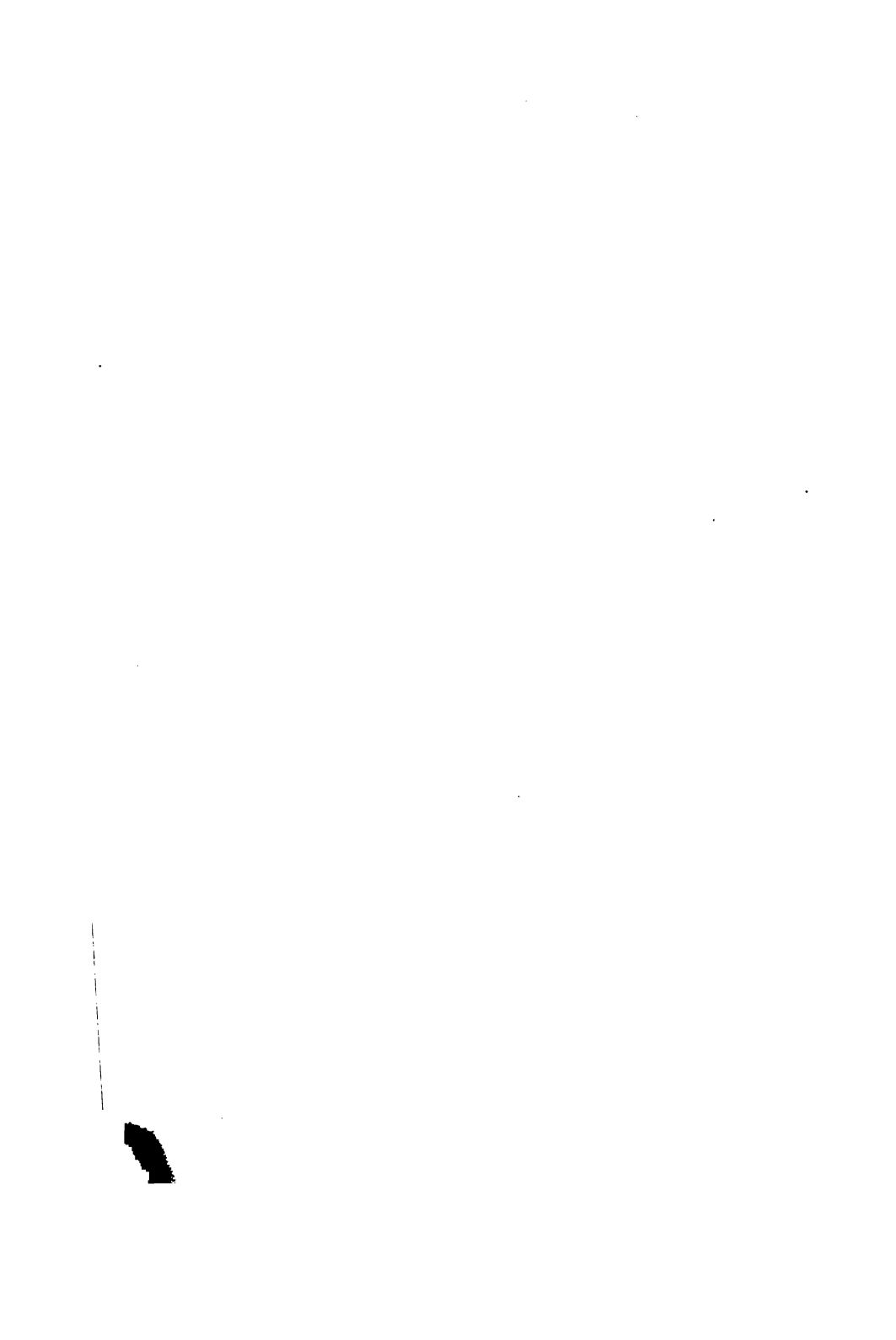
northward  
through fog and  
floating ice.

“In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine ;



Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine.”





“God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the



Why look'st thou so? ”—“ With my cross-bow I shot the Albatross.”

pious bird of  
good omen.



PART II.

“THE Sun now rose upon the right :  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the eft  
Went down into the sea.







“And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

“And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work ’em woe:  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
‘Ah wretch!’ said they, ‘the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!’

His shipmates  
cry out against  
the ancient Mar-  
ner, for killing  
the bird of good  
luck.

“Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
‘’Twas right,’ said they, ‘such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.’

But when the  
fog cleared off,  
they justify the  
same, and thus  
make themselves  
accomplices in  
the crime.

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze  
continues; the  
ship enters the  
Pacific Ocean,  
and sails north-  
ward, even till it  
reaches the Line.

“Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
’Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath  
been suddenly  
becalmed.

“All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,

. . Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.



“ Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.





“ Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

“ The very deep did rot : O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

“ About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

“ And some in dreams assured were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us  
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew,

Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

“ And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof

“ Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !

they hang the  
dead sea-bird  
round his neck.

Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung."











PART III.

“ THERE passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time ! a weary time !  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The ancient Ma-  
riner beholdeth a  
sign in the ele-  
ment afar off.

“At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

“A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared:  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

“With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

A flash of joy;

“With throats unslaked, with black lips baked  
Agape they heard me call:  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

“See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
Hither to work us weal;  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

“The western wave was all a-flame,  
The day was well-nigh done!







Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun ;



When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him  
but the skeleton  
of a ship.

“ And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
(Heaven’s Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon grate he peered  
With broad and burning face.

“ Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears !  
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres ?

And its ribs are  
seen as bars on  
the face of the  
setting Sun. The  
spectre-woman  
and her death-  
mate, and no  
other on board  
the skeleton-  
ship.

“ Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate ?  
And is that Woman all her crew ?  
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?  
Is Death that woman’s mate ?

Like vessel, like  
crew !

“ Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold :  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.

Death and Life-  
in-death have  
diced for the  
ship’s crew :  
she (the latter)  
winneeth the an-  
cient Mariner.

“ The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice ;  
‘ The game is done ! I’ve, I’ve won ! ’  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Notwilight with-  
in the courts of  
the Sun.

“ The Sun’s rim dips ; the stars rush out :  
At one stride comes the dark ;  
With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.







“We listened and looked sideways up !      At the rising of  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,              the Moon,  
My life-blood seemed to sip !



The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;  
From the sails the dew did drip—

Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.



One after ano-  
ther,

“ One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,





Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

“ Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates  
drop down dead.

“ The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe !  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow ! ”

But Life-in-  
Death begins her  
work on the an-  
cient Mariner.



PART IV.

The Wedding-  
Guest feareth  
that a spirit is  
talking to him.

“ I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner !  
I fear thy skinny hand !  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.







“ I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—

“ Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !  
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient  
Mariner assureth  
him of his bodily  
life, and proceed-  
eth to relate his  
horrible penance.

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea !  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

“ The many men, so beautiful !  
And they all dead did lie :  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on ; and so did I.

He despiseth the  
creatures of the  
calm.

“ I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away ;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that  
they should live,  
and so many lie  
dead.

“ I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

“ I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse  
liveth for him in  
the eye of the  
dead men.

“The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they :  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

“An orphan’s curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man’s eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness  
and fixedness he  
yearneth towards  
the journeying  
Moon, and the  
stars that still  
sojourn, yet still  
move onward ;  
and everywhere

the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

“The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide :  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

“Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread ;  
But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt away  
A still and awful red.

By the light of  
the Moon he be-  
holdeth God’s  
creatures of the  
great calm.

“Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.





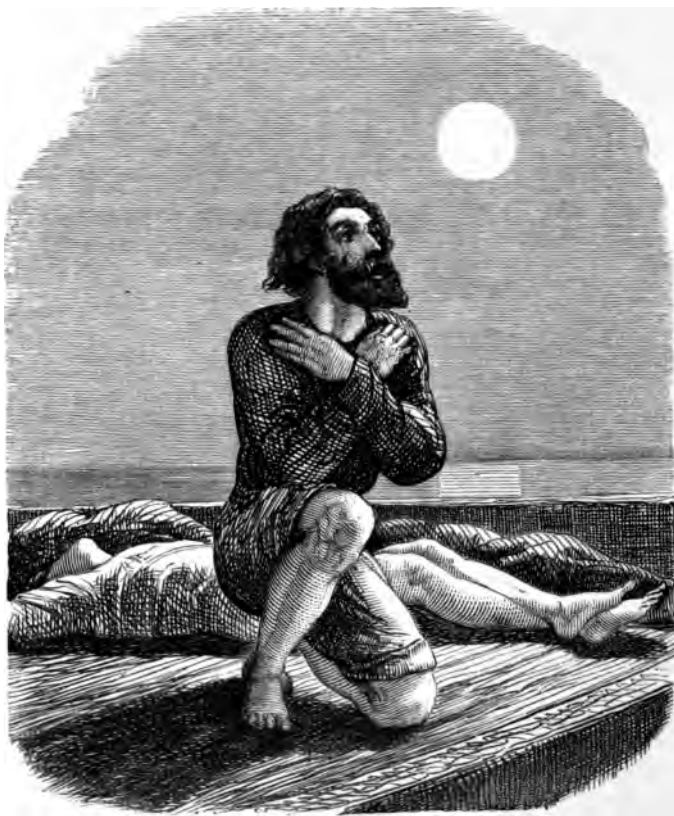
“Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire :



Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and  
their happiness.

“O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,



He blesseth them  
in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.







“The selfsame moment I could pray ;      The spell begins  
And from my neck so free                      to break. .  
‘The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.”

PART V.

“OH Sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole !  
To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

“The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;  
And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of the  
holy Mother, the  
ancient Mariner  
is refreshed with  
rain.

“My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank ;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

“I moved, and could not feel my limbs :  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth  
sounds and seeth  
strange sights  
and commotions  
in the sky and  
the elements.

“And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
It did not come anear ;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

“The upper air burst into life !  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about !  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

“And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
And the rain poured down from one black cloud  
The Moon was at its edge.

“The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side :  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the  
ship's crew are  
inspired, and the  
ship moves on ;

“The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on !  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

“They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.





“The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;  
Yet never a breeze up blew ;  
The mariners all ’gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do ;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.

“The body of my brother’s son  
Stood by me, knee to knee :  
The body and I pulled at one rope,  
But he said nought to me.”

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”  
“Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !  
’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest :  
For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,  
And cluster’d round the mast ;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

But not by the  
souls of the men,  
nor by demons of  
earth or middle  
air, but by a  
blessed troop of  
angelic spirits,  
sent down by the  
invocation of the  
guardian saint.

“Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

“Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !

“ And now ’twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;



And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.







“ It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

“ Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid : and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome  
spirit from the  
south-pole  
carries on the  
ship as far as the  
line, in obedience  
to the angelic  
troop, but still  
requireth ven-  
geance.

“ The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean :  
But in a minute she ’gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

“ Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound :  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants

"How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;



of the element,  
take part in his  
wrong ; and two  
of them relate,  
one to the other,

But ere my living life returned,  
I heard, and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.





“ ‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the man?  
By Him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

that penance long  
and heavy for the  
ancient Mariner  
hath been accord-  
ed to the Polar  
Spirit, who re-  
turneth south-  
ward.

“ ‘The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.’

“ The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew;  
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do.’ ”

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

“ ‘BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
What is the ocean doing?’

SECOND VOICE.

“ ‘Still as a slave before his lord,  
The Ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;  
 For she guides him smooth or grim.  
 See, brother, see ! how graciously  
 She looketh down on him.'

## FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner  
 hath been cast  
 into a trance ; for  
 the angelic power  
 causeth the ves-  
 sel to drive north-  
 ward faster than  
 human life can  
 endure.

" ' But why drives on that ship so fast,  
 Without or wave or wind ? ' "

## SECOND VOICE.

' The air is cut away before,  
 And closes from behind.

" ' Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !  
 Or we shall be belated :  
 For slow and slow that ship will go,  
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.' "

The supernatural  
 motion is re-  
 tarder ; the Ma-  
 riner awakes,  
 and his penance  
 begins anew.

" I woke, and we were sailing on  
 As in a gentle weather :  
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;  
 The dead men stood together.

" All stood together on the deck,  
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :  
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
 That in the Moon did glitter.

" The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
 Had never passed away :  
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
 Nor turn them up to pray.







“ And now this spell was snapt : once more      The curse is  
I viewed the ocean green,                      finally expiated ;



And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

*The Rime of*

“Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks on,  
And turns no more his head ;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made :  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

“ It raised my hair, it fann’d my cheek,  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

“ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too :  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth his na-  
tive country.

“ Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see ?  
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?  
Is this mine own countree ?

“ We drifted o’er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God !  
Or let me sleep away.





“The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn !  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.



“The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock :

The moonlight steeped in silentness,  
The steady weathercock.

“And the bay was white with silent light  
Till, rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spi-  
rits leave the  
dead bodies,

And appear in  
their own forms  
of light.

“A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

“Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

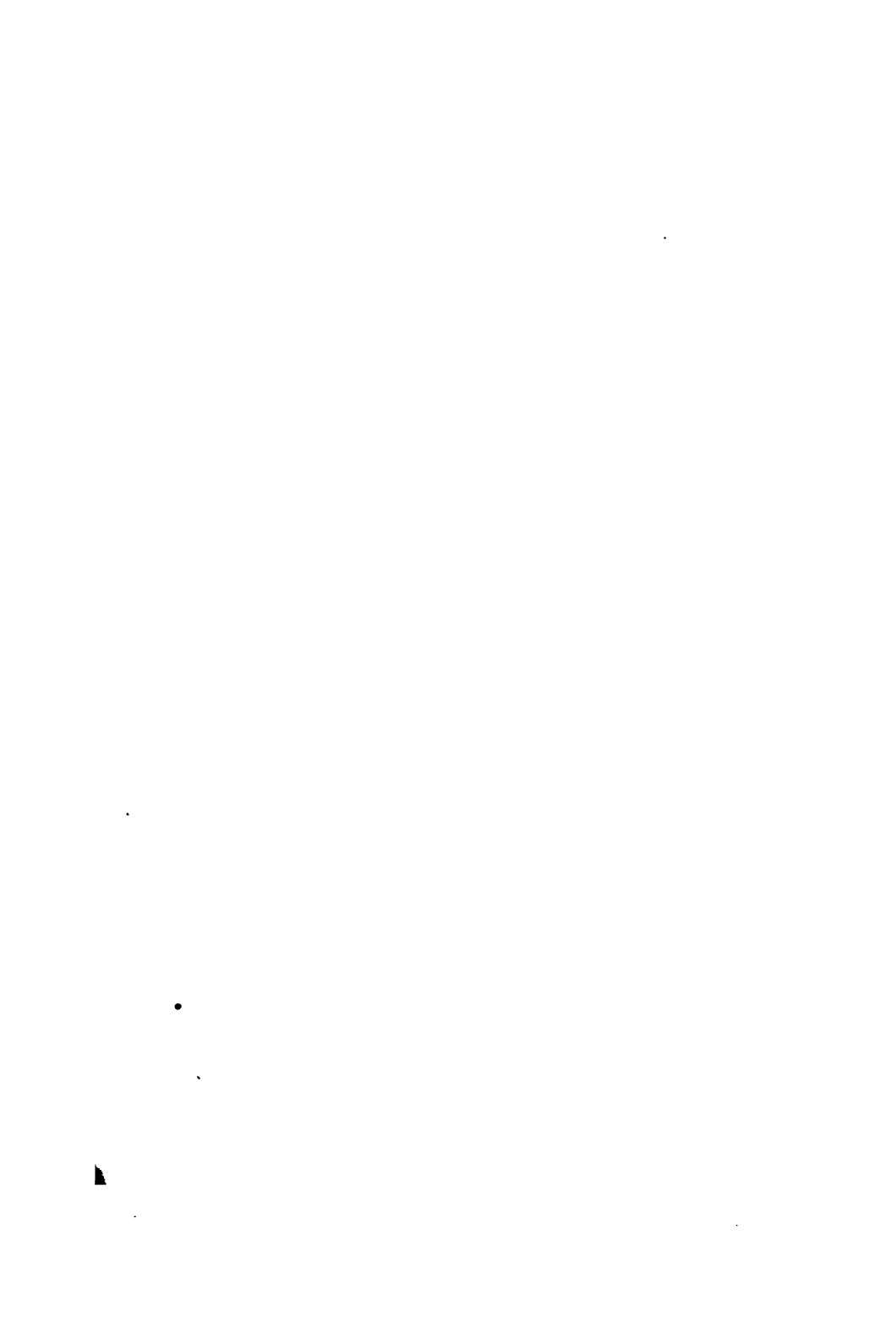
“This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

“This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

“But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.







“The Pilot and the Pilot’s boy,  
I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

“I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He’ll shrive my soul, he’ll wash away  
The Albatross’s blood.”

PART VII.

“THIS Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of  
the wood

“He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump:  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak stump.

“The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,  
‘Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?’

Approacheth the  
ship with won-  
der.

“ ‘Strange, by my faith!’ the Hermit said—  
‘And they answered not our cheer.



The planks looked warped! and see those sails,  
How thin they are and sere!





I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

“ ‘ Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along ;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below  
That eats the she-wolf’s young.’

“ ‘ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
I am a-feared ’—‘ Push on, push on !’  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

“ The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred ;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

“ Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread :  
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;  
The ship went down like lead.

The ship sud-  
denly sinketh.

“ Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot’s boat.

The ancient Ma-  
riner is saved in  
the Pilot’s boat.

“Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;



And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.







“I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit ;



The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
 Who now doth crazy go,  
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
 His eyes went to and fro.  
 'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,  
 The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,  
 I stood on the firm land!  
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
 And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him:

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"  
 The Hermit crossed his brow.  
 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—  
 What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
 With a woful agony,  
 Which forced me to begin my tale;  
 And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
 That agony returns:  
 And till my ghastly tale is told,  
 This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;  
 I have strange power of speech;  
 That moment that his face I see,  
 I know the man that must hear me:  
 To him my tale I teach.





“What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The wedding-guests are there:



But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are :

And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

“O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

“O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

“To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by  
his own example,  
love and reve-  
rence to all things  
that God made  
and loveth.

“Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.



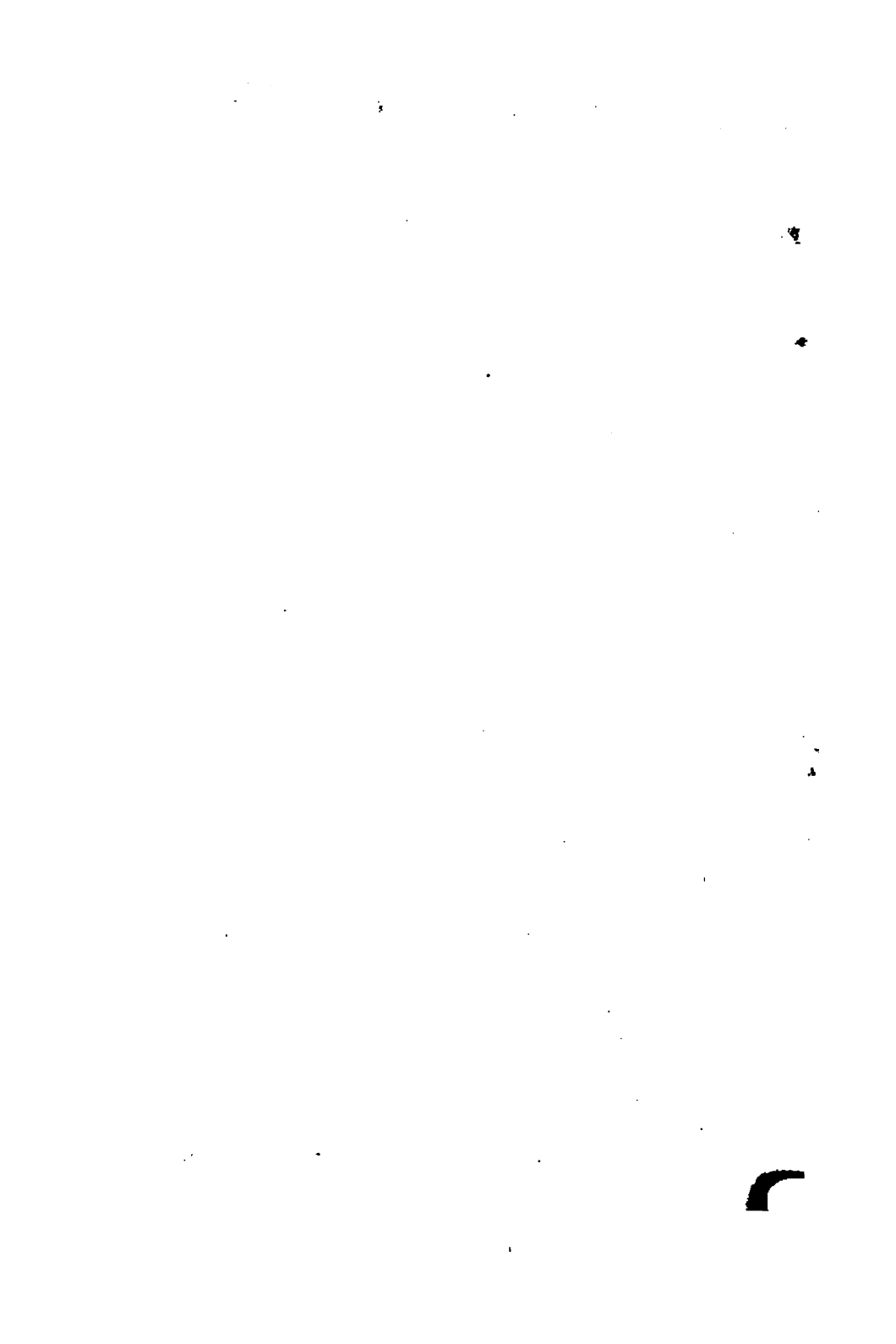




He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn :  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.



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